



# Sandstorm



4 0 1

## Chapter 1 by ColorMeNavy

With sand embedded into the smallest crevices of his eyes, John blindly stretched his arms out before him.

"You got this," he whispered to himself, "Mentally, you've been through worse." It was hard keeping himself motivated when he couldn't feel the pole that he swore should have been directly in front of him. Instead, he felt tendrils of sand brushing past his raw fingers.

Personifying his anger, he balled his hands into small, diamond-like fists.

Jamming his lips together, he tried to keep the knocking dust at bay. He could already taste the grittiness of the small pieces of rock grinding along his molars. It tasted like failure, like all of his past attempts to reach this blasted place.

"No!" he yelled as he felt himself being pushed backward in the clingy sand, losing the small distance he had only just acquired through painstakingly small steps. The curses he spat could have borne sonnets of vulgarity, and he relished heartily in their release. He swore he would make it this time. He was better than the world told him he was. He would prove it all when he reached the one place no one else could: Malvonía. Either that or he would die in his attempts. Sand rushed in between his lips with every opportunity, and John wondered if it had been a grave mistake coming here. No, he thought savagely. He would prove himself. He would make a mockery of them all.

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